

THE DEMOCRAT.

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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

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"THE WATERMELLYUN."

SUNG WITH FEELING IN THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Oh! de blessed watermellyun sezun,
Has arriv!
An' de only wery speshul rezun
Why we liv
Am to eat! eat! eat!
An' to yum! yum! yum!
Oh! bless de watermellyun!

VERSE THE TWOTH.

Oh, de watermellyun cometh fur to
cheer us,
You kin bet!
An' we kinder like to hev him wery
near us—
Doan forgit it!
We yum! yum! devour
With a yum! yum! pow'r.
Dot am bam for de blessed water-
mellyun!

VERSE THE THREE.

Oh! de rich'ness an' de fatness an'
de juice
Ins'ide him!
Meeks us hanker fur to put our hum-
ble selves
Before him!
An' to bust an' to eat!
An' to yum! woosh! whoop!
Oh! Lor' whar an he!

General chorus accompanied by bones,
jazz-sharp, mouth organs and evidences of in-
tense feeling.

Oh! buy him!
Oh! steal him!
Oh! git him in yer paws meows' any
way yer kin!
Fur he's richness!
Fur he's goodness!
An' to gobble on a mellyun was
neber yit a sin!

—Detroit Free Press.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Our sister town Washington will
have a new paper soon. We hear it
will be named the *Eastern Sentinel*
and Mr. S. K. Gordon will be the ed-
itor.—*Standard*.

A Charlotte wife-beater was sent up
by the magistrate, tried before the
criminal court, and was working on
the streets, with ball and chain at-
tached, in one hour from the time his
wife received the beating.—*Methodist*
Advance.

We saw yesterday a twin cantaloupe,
raised by Thos. Moore, colored,
of Topsail Sound, Harnett
Township, consisting of two large
and full matured cantaloupes, joined
together after the manner of the
Siamese twins, and with only one
stem.—*Star*.

We learn that a white man by the
name of Joseph Edwards, was
knocked in the head with a fence
rail, by a negro on last Sunday. It
occurred near Hunt's X Roads in
Nash county. At last accounts Ed-
wards was living, but it is thought
that he will die.—*Franklin Times*.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The young men
of Halifax met at the office of E. T.
Clark, Esq., a short time ago and
organized a literary society to be
called the Dialectic. A committee of
five was appointed to report a con-
stitution and by-laws for the govern-
ment of the society. We hope the
society will prove successful and
will gradually widen its influence
so that it will be the means of great
good to many.—*Roadside News*.

FINE TOBACCO CROP.—Mr. Amos
Williams, one of the most indus-
trious and highly esteemed young
men of Apex, White Oak township,
has one of the finest tobacco crops
in that community. He is said to
have discovered a method of destroy-
ing the tobacco fly, which is pro-
nounced a success. He has topped
his tobacco, fourteen leaves, which
it is said, is equalled by few and
excelled by none.—*News-Observer*.

Several years ago there was an
organized band of thieves near
Seven Springs in this and Wayne
counties that was known as the
"Rockford" band. They were broken
up, and many of them—nine, we
learn—were sent to the penitenti-
ary. That section has been compar-
atively peaceful, until recently many
thefts have been committed in the
same section. These thefts led
to the arrest of four negroes, who
were confined in jail, after a hear-
ing. One of them gave bail and has
been released. The arrest of these
rascals will, it is believed, stop the
stealing of many cattle, hogs and
other things that have been disap-
pearing from that section.—*Kinston*
Free Press.

CLUVERIUS'S PRISON LIFE.

He Wants More Liberty, but
Fails to get it.

Still Calm and Confident, if Not Cool.

The prison life of Thomas Judson
Cluverius has come to be very monotonous. He has few visitors, and his
time he spends mostly in reading.
For about three hours per day he is
allowed the liberty of the inner jail
yard; all the rest of the day and all
of the night he is locked up in his
cell. He considers this a very great
hardship, and recently one of his
counsel applied to both the Sergeant
and the Judge for greater liberty—
that is, for longer time to be spent in
the jail-yard—but could get no con-
cession.

The prisoner continues his calm
and confident air. He looks tolerably
well. The city jail is not a de-
sirable place in which to spend the
summer—few prisons are—but the
heat there is not so severe as would
be supposed. The walls are thick
and high, and while they keep out
much of the breeze, keep off also
much of the fierceness of the sun.

The city jail is in sad need of im-
provement. If ever a fire occurs
there in the dead of night, almost
certainly many of the prisoners will
be roasted alive. The accommoda-
tions there are so poor that the lunatics
are mixed up with felons. There
are lunatics in the jail who've been in
jail for eighteen months unable to
get places in the asylum.—*Dispatch*.

GREAT WAS THE FALL.

A Tramp's Little Trick that
Acted as a Boomerang.

"Hi say, Bill, git onto my new
racket?" exclaimed a tramp to his
mate. "See that bananer peel on the
sidewalk? Hi throwed it there. See
that nice old duck comin' down the
street? 'E'll slip up on that bananer,
and I'll jump onto an' pick 'im up an'
put 'im on 'is pegs agin. Mebbe 'e'll
give me a quarter."

"But Hi say, Jack, there's a cop
makin' fur yer. Bet 'e saw yer throw
der bananer skin. Skip."

This wholesome advice was quick-
ly acted upon, but Jack's clumsy
foot struck the banana peel and the
ensuing fall landed him into the gut-
ter.

"Poor old Jack's done fur," solilo-
quized Bill, as the policeman marched
his mate off to the station-house,
"an' 'H'm left all alone in a cruel
world. But mebbe it's better dis-
way—mebbe it's better. 'H'm awful
sorry fur poo Jack, but 'H don't
want ter travel wid no pard what ain't
got sense enough to git up a scheme
to catch anudder man and der go
and slip up on 'isself."—*Chicago*
News.

A FABLE.

There was a brood of blackbirds
in a field of corn just ripe, and the
mother, looking every day for reapers,
left word, whenever she went out in
search of food, that her young ones
should report to her all the news they
heard. One day, while she was
absent, the master came to look at
the state of the crop. "It is time,"
said he, "to call in my neighbors
and get my corn reaped." When
the old blackbird came home, the
frightened young ones told their
mother what they had heard, and
begged her to remove them forth-
with. "Time enough," said she
"if he trusts the Civil Service Com-
mission, he will have to wait awhile
yet for his harvest." Next day the
owner came again, found the sun
hotter, the corn riper and nothing
done. "There is not a moment to be
lost," said he. "We cannot depend
on our neighbors; we must call in
our sisters, our cousins and our
aunts." "If that be all," said the
mother when she heard it, "don't
be frightened, for the muggwumps
have got to get in harvest work of
their own." The next day, owner
finding the crops nearly spoiled,
called to his cabinet. "Wait for
neighbors and friends no longer, but
hire some good Democratic reaper,
and we will set to work ourselves to-
morrow." "That means business,"
said the old one, "let us vamoze at
once. When a man takes up his
own work, instead of leaving it
to others, you may be sure that
there is a red hot time coming."

MORAL:

When the guillotine comes round
And the band begins to play,
The boys around the monkey cage
Had better get away.

—U. S. Democrat.

Office Holders and Political Parties.

There is nothing in the spirit and
genius of American institutions to
prohibit a person in the civil employ-
ment of the government from exer-
cising all the rights and privileges
of an American Citizen.

To prescribe that an office holder
shall not participate in the political
movements and managements of his
party, attend meetings, organize
clubs, and take the legitimate part
of any citizen in campaign affairs
is to say that he shall not enjoy the
rights and privileges of a citizen.

To be sure he should not be allowed
to neglect the duties of his office,
and his official conduct should be so
free from partisanship as to give not
the least offence to any portion of
the public, whose servant, in the dis-
charge of his official duties, he is,
but no further. A Federal office-
holder has precisely the right to
vote, to assist in the selection of
candidates for office, and to aid in
the direction of political campaigns,
as any other citizen, and it is his
duty to seek to promote the success
of his party, so long as he does not
thereby neglect his public duties.

We have no patience with the pre-
tended puritanical political virtue so
promiscuously parading itself thro'
out the country. We want a
live, vigorous administration of pub-
lic affairs, and live, hard-fighting
political parties contending for the
control of the government. We
want no civil service dry rot in
American politics, and no system of
life tenure of office. We want rotation
in office, and a system of public pro-
motion on political and personal
merit. No man is worthy of a
public office who has not been an
active, honest, hard working man in
the ranks of his party. No man is
fit to remain in office who does not
continue to work for and support his
party.

Politics is next akin to statesman-
ship, and no man can be a patriot
who does not take interest in public
affairs. Every man is not a rank
partizan, nor is it desirable that
they should be, but no man can be
indifferent to public matters, or the
proper administration of government
affairs. In this country, where ev-
ery man is a voter, and all the
principal offices elective, the
people rule through the ballot-box,
and no man discharges his duty to-
ward the public who remains away
from the polls.

Public intelligence will not allow
party spirit to long run riot over the
land, and party ascendancy will gen-
erally be properly regulated by the
people. Parties are the necessary
agencies of government under an
elective system, and the Republic
would not survive an hour without
them. They keep alive the prin-
ciple upon which the Republic was
founded. They formulate the is-
sues of government which lead to
the measures for the regulation
of public affairs. They stimulate a
patriotic interest in the workings
of government, and are at once the
source and the inspiration of gov-
ernment. Without parties there
could be no organization of the peo-
ple for an expression of the popular
will.

The active leaders and earnest
supporters of a party must believe
that the welfare of the country de-
pends upon the triumph of the prin-
ciples and measures of the party
whose success they strive
to win. When elevated to
office it should not be required of a
man to forsake his party, but rather
to seek its perpetuation in power
by all legitimate means.

It is a monstrous proposition that
the man who leads parties to victory
must not participate in the public
patronage, and equally absurd and
outrageous the suggestion to emas-
culate a man and deprive him of the
political rights of a citizen because
chosen to public office.—*New Bern*
Journal.

Dead Give Away.

"May be you don't like this style
of hat," said a well-known down-
town habitue to a number of his
acquaintances who, congregated at
the corner of Vine and Fourth, were
talking about the weather and among
other matters had evidently been
"guying" the newcomer.

"Wacher pay fur it?" asked one
of the gang.
"Nine dollars, and got it pretty
cheap. Don't you think so?" said he,
as he passed down the street, blis-
sfully ignorant that in the rear of the
hat-band was prominently displayed
a ticket reading: "This style re-
duced to 79 cents."

[COMMUNICATED.] DON'T GIVE HIM YOUR ARM.

A few years back it was considered
a disgrace for a young lady to ask
a young gent, to go with her to church
or elsewhere. But now she thinks
different. A young girl almost asks
a young man to go to places with her.
When they leave the door steps she
offers the boy her arm of course he
accepts and well he does for she
would feel insulted if he did not.
Like men used to feel when a young
lady,—I say young lady for no lady
with good judgment or any discretion

—offers a young man her arm, he
takes particular pains to get as near
behind her as possible so as to peep
through lattice work. It never has
made a young man think more of a
young lady but just furnishes gossip
for the community. It is true that
boys enjoy the walk some, but if they
wanted to select a pleasant and
modest girl select one that takes
boys' arms. Who in the world wants
to be led about by a girl? but just for
peep and closeness' sake a few are led.
Go ask the man that wants a wife
ask him if he wants a girl that offers
every body her arm and he will tell
you no. Ladies seem to think that
young men think them green horns
if they do not offer the boys their arms.
But girls who are sadly mistaken, it
is the green horn that offers a boy
her arm. Ladies of sense and cul-
ture and acquainted with the world
and its ways never offer young men
their arm. No man will dare offer to
take a lady's arm unless he has rea-
son to believe it can be done. First,
boys offer the girls your arm, if she
then offers hers, take it.

A drummer while sitting on
the street the other day and seeing
a young lady leading a boy in that
manner, made a very becoming re-
mark, although I hated to hear it.
It is a very uncalled for way a girl has
of attracting attention, and almost
a shameful way. Young ladies if
you haven't confidence enough in the
young man you walk with to take
his arm and be led by him, don't
start anywhere with him. It rather
speaks bad for us boys. My sweet-
heart always takes my arm. She is
sensible, she is one in a million, she
is such as is not found in every place.
You offer to take her arm and she
says, "no, I prefer the other way."
A sensible girl speaks what she
thinks, and always thinks aright.

Boys get your sweethearts to prac-
tice the old way again and you will
find it better. Men say they would
not marry a girl that would let a boy
hold her arm. Older ones, advise
the younger, ere they are left on
hand. Every one says a sister of
mine should not walk that way with
a boy. Well then, you quit walking
that way with some one else's sister.

This is a fast age, men older say
they are surprised and look at the
act as almost a disgrace, and have a
perfect contempt for such doings.
Well it does look bad. Young men
say let them go, we can stand to take
their arms and let them walk in
front and keep the dust off our
shoes with their dresses. When you
take a girl's arm don't she feel big
and switch and shake her dress!
When you take a girl's arm, what be-
comes of your hand. You don't
hold her's do you? I don't. Well,
what do you do with them? Guess,
I know what some of us do with our
hands. You hear girls say you walk
mighty far off like you are scared,
walk closer, I'll not hurt you.
Young ladies, it is your duty to
build up this town, it is in your
power to either do this nor not. It
is with you to say whether or not a
new comer here can rear up his
daughters as ladies—as he would
like to. It is with you to mould the
destiny of this town. It is with you
to train up these younger girls, or
rather children. You must think of
the future, think to yourself, if I
walk so, how in the name of Heaven
will my children walk? They must
not keep up this old fashion. I'll
assure you that you will regret it.
Yes, this uncivilized, heathenish,
unlady-like way ought to be stop-
ped.

WHEN?

Scotland Neck, N. C., July 24, 1885.

During a dense fog a steamboat
took landing. A traveler, anxious
to go ahead, came to the unperturbed
manager of the wheel and asked him
why they stopped. "Too much fog
—can't see the river." "But you can
see the stars overhead." "Yes," re-
plied the urbane pilot, "but until the
biter busts we ain't going that way."
The passenger went to bed.

Kegan Paul, the London publisher,
paid \$25,250 for the manuscript of
Gordon's diary.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Had Heard it Before.

I think that one reason there are
so few good story-tellers among us
is that the listeners are, in many
instances, so wilfully and so stub-
bornly unappreciative that it tends
toward discouraging the skillful nar-
ration of first-class anecdotes.

There were four of us together
coming across "the divide" a few
years ago, and this principle was
then and there elucidated. Gibbon,
Gregg and myself were congenial
acquaintances, and we would have
enjoyed the long ride if it had not
been for a man named Sawage, who
had only recently escaped from
some low-priced educational insti-
tution. He had acquired a few cas-
tron facts of cyclopedia variety, and
with the ardor of the valedictory all
through his clothes he was making
a tour of the coast and Colorado.
He was what you may call one of
those really statistical, brainy young
reservoirs of information who burst
forth from the Alma Mater with the
intention of going to Congress in
two years, and finally compromise
the matter forth years later by run-
ning for overseer of highways and
getting snowed under by about 137
majesties.

When Gibbon saw Mr. Sawage get
on the stage he said to me in a low
voice "Nye, we are undone. Saw-
sage will doubtless endeavor to
relate some anecdote to us on the
way, and then I shall commit an
atrocious crime."

But he didn't do so the first ten
miles he contented himself by
shedding other information, and
explaining things that he had just
found in his physical geography,
and stunning us with the hard words
that always float around in the aqua-
rium which young men refer to as
their brains.

Finally however, some one re-
minded him of a story. Gregg tried
to turn the conversation, but it was
of no use. Said he: "It seems that
many years ago a traveler or tourist
of some description, whose name is
immaterial"

"Funny name," said Gregg
"Don't you think so, Gibbon?"
"Yes," Foreigner, probably. I
knew a man named Jimmy Terrial
once though."

We discussed the name for four or
five miles, and then allowed Sawage
to proceed.

"Well, as I was going to say, this
tourist, traveler, or sojourner was
propounding inquiries to the climatic
changes and isothermal"

"Now, pardon," said Gibbon, "but
are you sure that word is not pro-
nounced isothermal?"

I ventured to remark that is-ther-
mal was the correct accent, while
Gregg sided with Sawage. From
a quiet discussion this grew into a
regular row, which lasted at least
ten miles. Then we allowed the
narrative to proceed.

"Well, at last, to make a long story
short, the traveler and a native of
this country"

"Remember his name?" asked
Gregg. "We've got the other man's
name. We ought to have this one."
"No," says Sawage. "I didn't
give the tourist's name, you remem-
ber."

"I beg pardon," said Gregg. "I
don't want to seem querulous and
all the time kicking up a row with
a comparative stranger, but you cer-
tainly gave us the other gentleman's
name."

We then had a long and highly
enjoyable quarrel during which Gib-
bon and I challenged Gregg and
Sawage to fight us in a dark room,
each man to be blind-folded and
armed with an adze. Best man to
pay all funeral expenses and scrub
out the room next day.

To this Gregg agreed, but Sawage
said he wasn't a very expert adze-
man, and wanted to apologize.

Gibbon and I hesitated. Finally
we agreed to think it over, but in
the meantime we begged Sawage
to go ahead with his story, as we
would reach the home station in five
minutes more.

Human Judgment.

How little we know of each other's hearts
As we walk this world of ours,
And in the paths of our fellow-men,
Are scattering thorns or flowers.

We meet in the social rounds of life,
Each week—perhaps each day,
With a pleasant chat, a touch of the hand,
We part and go our way:

But beneath the mask which many hearts
Turn toward the world so cold,
How few there are who recognize
The spirit's finer gold.

We call men careless—heartless, per-
haps,
Or cynical harsh and stern;
We think women frivolous light and vain,
Nor their higher natures discern,

'Till trial or sorrow unlocks the soul,
Or sympathy gives a claim,
And we see 'neath the surface calm or
cold,
The opal's heart of flame.

O, ye who look at the mere outside,
Take heed how ye judge your kind,
Ye may wound some noble, sensitive
heart,
Whose depths ye can never find.

CARRIE W. HAMILTON.

—Southern Woman.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Called from our Exchanges Thro-
ughout the Country.

A slender waist, just lightly clasped
As up the scented lane they stroll.
A small, white hand, just lightly grasped,
Two heads beneath one parasol.

—In walking, the weaker of two
persons takes the arm of the stronger.
This is why dudes take young
ladies' arms.—*Boston Post*.

—The reason that some clocks
keep their hands before their face
is because they are ashamed of the
bad time they are telling.—*Louis-
ville Courier Journal*.

An English correspondent says
there will be no one in the House of
Commons to debate with Mr. Glad-
stone. Churchill is the only one
who does not fear to attempt it,
though he knows that an eventual
knock down must come.

—Railroad President—Don't you
think that rather exorbitant, Mr.
Badger; \$11,000 for the loss of your
wife and her diamonds in the acci-
dent? Mr. Badger (indignantly)—
Exorbitant! Well, I should say not.
I value the diamonds at \$10,000
alone.—*Daily Graphic*.

A gentleman of this city has a
small or byho imitates George W.
When a gentleman called recently
the father said to him politely: "I
wish I had another cigar to offer
you," looking with regret at the one
he was smoking. Now was the
small boy's opportunity. "I know
where they are, pa," he said, drag-
ging open a drawer and bringing out
a box of a choice brand.—*Detroit*
Free Press.

"What do you think of Blifkins,
Brown?"

"Pretty fair sort of fellow in his
way, I believe."

"Do you know him well?"

"Oh, yes! I am very well ac-
quainted with him, indeed."

"And you consider him a man to
be trusted?"

"No doubt of it."

"What do you base your opinion
upon?"

"Personal experience."

"How's that?"

"Well, I began trusting Blifkins
shortly after I became acquainted
with him, and I am trusting him
still."—*Detroit Journal*.

A lady on the north side wishing
to test the merits of Dr. Bull's
Cough Syrup thought it would
never do to ask the druggist in the
name of "Bull." Why dear me, she
couldn't say Bull to save her life,
and called at last on a neighbor wo-
man for suggestions of the matter.
Dr. Cow's Dr. Calf's Dr. Buffalo's
and Dr. Oxen's Syrup were all men-
tioned. The latter suited. "Yes
that will do—Dr. Oxen—the very
the druggist will understand that.
A walk of two squares found her at
the counter of Dr. H's store, when
the following dialogue occurred: "I
wish a bottle of Dr. Oxen's Cough
Syrup." "Dr. Oxen, Oxen, why,
mam, I don't believe I keep that."
You mean Cox's Hive Syrup, don't
you?" "Oh, no, I mean, mean Dr.
Oxen," and then she seemed wrapped
in solemn thought for a moment,
when a bright idea seemed to beam
forth. "Hasn't Dr. Oxen got a re-
lation or—"

"Oh, yes, you mean Dr. Bull's
Cough Syrup, yes, yes." The lady
sat down a moment and all was
over.—X.

CONSIDERED HIMSELF PAID.

A Game of Cards.

A *Tribune* reporter heard yester-
day a story of cards and card play-
ing involving a former United States
Senator and the Elder of a church
in New England. The affair hap-
pened some time ago, when the Sen-
ator was President of a Western
railroad and had his pocket full of
railroad passes. It was a case of
giving a Roland for an Oliver. The
Senator and his friend had started
for Washington. The Elder was
taken sick. The Senator prescribed
a mild dose from a little black bottle
in his satchel, and gave the elder
the key to the satchel to help him-
self. All the Senator's passes lay
alongside the little black bottle.
When the conductor came along
the passes were missing. Mean-
while the Elder, who was a great
lady's man, had seated himself with
three ladies. The Senator explained
matters as best he could to the con-
ductor and bided his time to get re-
venge. He had a pack of cards in
his satchel, and a copy of the *Tri-
bune* in his hand. The cards were
carefully wrapped in the paper and
presently the Senator stepped
blandly along the aisle and said:
"An, Elder Blank, have you seen
the *Tribune*? No! Well, here it is
when you want to look at it." As
he spoke he pushed the paper down
in the outside breast pocket of the
Elder's coat. Then he went back
in the car and primed a confederate,
who came along and said: "Let
me see your *Tribune*, Elder," sniting
his action to the words and pulling
out the paper, while the cards show-
ered all over the ladies' laps and the
floor. The Elder blushed to the
roots of his hair, bit his lips, but
finally laughed as his companions
rallied him on carrying such creden-
tials around. The Senator joined in
the laughter. Presently the Elder
said:

"Senator, I will play you five
games of euchre for a dollar a game."
Everybody was amazed.

"You are not serious?" said the
Senator.

"Never more so in my life," was
the cool reply.

They sat down to play, while the
passengers in the car flocked round
in wonderment at the Elder's freak.
He won three games, the Senator
two. The latter passed over a five-
dollar gold piece. The Elder put it
in his pocket, sank back lazily in
his chair, and picked up a paper.

Then the conversation ran like this,
opened by the Senator and con-
ducted amid breathless attention,
the Senator growing excited and the
Elder as cool as an icicle:

"That was a five-dollar gold piece
I gave you."

"Yes, that's all right."

"But it was a five-dollar gold
piece."

"Certainly. I told you I under-
stood it."

"But I want my change."

"I don't understand you."

"You won three games and I won
two."

"Of course, I know that."

"Well, then, I want \$4. There's
only a dollar coming to you."

"Oh! do I understand you that
you thought I was betting on the
games, at a dollar a game? Is that
your proposition?"

"Exactly."

"Why, my dear Senator, how
could you so misapprehend me. I
never made a bet in my life. It is
against my principles. Moreover, I
proposed nothing of the kind. I
made you the most simple proposi-
tion in the world. I told you I
would play five games of euchre with
you for a dollar a game. You as-
sented. I played the five games.

You gave me \$5. The account is
square."

And the Elder kept the gold
piece, while the crowd laughed, and
the Senator remarked that he gues-
sed he would sell himself for a nickel,
at the next station, where the pipe
lines crossed, to be used as a "go-
devil" for cleaning out the pipes.—
N. Y. Tribune.

"Civil Service